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THE
Aldburgh
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present

JONI HENSON *soprano*
MELINDA DELORME *mezzo*

with

STEPHEN RALLS *piano*

Walter Hall

Tuesday, December 3, 2002

8 p.m.

sponsored by



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JONI HENSON, soprano
MELINDA DELORME, mezzo
STEPHEN RALLS, piano

Please reserve your applause until the end of each group ☺

Two duets (Op. 11)

Ernest Chausson (1855-99)

These settings date from fairly early in Chausson's creative output (1883). In the fall of 1879, he had enrolled at the Paris Conservatoire as a pupil of Massenet and Franck. On the evidence of these duets, he was chiefly under the influence of the former; but adventurous key-changes and a subtle pattern of arabesques in the piano indicate a growing admiration of Franck and, through him, of Wagner. (Chausson had attended *Tristan* in Munich in 1879.) Dawn, in the second duet, is accompanied by a radiant pattern of bell sounds and the general serene quality of these pieces makes them, in the words of Jean Gallois, "a veritable oasis in the *oeuvre* of a musician who has scarcely led us to expect much in the way of good humour from him."



La Nuit (*Théodore de Banville*)

Nous bénissons la douce Nuit,
 Dont le frais baiser nous délivre.
 Sous ses voiles on se sent vivre
 Sans inquiétude et sans bruit.

Le souci dévorant s'enfuit,
 Le parfum de l'air nous enivre;
 Nous bénissons la douce Nuit,
 Dont le frais baiser nous délivre.

Pâle songeur qu'un Dieu poursuit,
 Repose-toi, ferme ton livre.
 Dans les cieux blancs comme du givre
 Un flot d'astres frissonne et luit,

Nous bénissons la douce Nuit.

Night

We bless the soft night,
 whose cool kiss sets us free.
 Beneath its veils we feel we live
 without noise or anxiety.

Devouring care slips away,
 the fragrant air enraptures us;
 we bless the sweet night
 whose cool kiss sets us free.

Pale dreamer whom a god pursues,
 rest, and close your book.
 In the heavens as white as rime
 a stream of stars quivers and shines,

We bless the sweet night.

Please turn page quietly

Réveil (*Honoré de Balzac*)

Mon cœur, lève-toi! Déjà l'alouette
Secoue en chantant son
aile au soleil.

Ne dors plus, mon cœur, car la
violette

Élève à Dieu l'encens de
son réveil.

Chaque fleur vivante et bien reposée
Ouvrant tour à tour les yeux pour
se voir

A dans son calice un peu de rosée,
Perle d'un jour, qui lui sert de
miroir.

On sent dans l'air pur que l'ange
des roses

A passé la nuit à bénir
les fleurs.

On voit que pour lui toutes sont
écloses,

Il vient d'en haut raviver
leurs couleurs.

Ainsi, lève-toi. Puisque l'alouette
Secoue en chantant son aile
au soleil

Rien ne dort plus,
mon cœur, car la violette

Élève à Dieu l'encens de
son réveil.

Awakening

My heart, arise! Already the skylark
shakes, singing, his
wing in the sunlight.

Sleep no more, my heart, for the
violet
raises up to God the incense of
its awakening.

Each flower lively and well-rested
opening each in turn its eyes to
see itself

has in its chalice a drop of dew
pearl of a day, which serves it for
a mirror.

There is a feeling in the pure air
that the angel of the roses
has spent the night blessing
the flowers.

It seems that all are blossoming
for him,

he comes down from on high to
revive their colours.

Therefore, arise! Since the skylark
shakes, singing, his wing
in the sunlight,
nothing sleeps any longer,
my heart, for the violet
raises up to God the incense
of its awakening.

Four songs

Johannes Brahms (1833-97)

Meine Lieder, one of Brahms's last songs, is in praise of song itself. The song which closes our group, *Meine Liebe ist grün*, depicts in a more extrovert way the songs of a soul drunk with love — this song is one of a pair of *Junge Lieder* (Songs of Youth) which set poetry by the son of Robert and Clara Schumann. The two songs of Op. 43 are among the composer's greatest and form a diptych, portraying Love Despondent and Love Triumphant.

Meine Lieder (*Adolf Frey*) Op. 106/4

Wenn mein Herz beginnt zu
klingen
Und den Tönen löst die
Schwingen,
Schweben vor mir her und
wieder
Bleiche Wonnen, unvergessen
Und die Schatten von Zypressen —
Dunkel klingen meine Lieder!

My songs

When my heart begins to make
music
and the vibrating loosens
wondrous tones,
there hover before me, here
and there,
pale ecstasies, unforgotten,
and the shadows of the cypresses;
dark is the sound of my songs!

Die Mainacht (*Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty*) Op. 43/2

Wann der silberne Mond durch
die Gesträuche blinkt,
Und sein schlummerndes Licht
über den Rasen streut,
Und die Nachtigall flötet,
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch
zu Busch.

The May night

When the silvery moon beams
through the shrubs
and over the lawn scatters its
slumbering light,
and the nightingale sings,
I walk sadly through the
woods.

Selig preis ich dich dann,
flötende Nachtigall,
Weil dein Weibchen mit dir
wohnet in einem Nest,
Ihrem singenden Gatten
Tausend trauliche Küsse gibt.

You must be happy,
fluting nightingale,
for your wife lives in one
nest with you,
giving her singing spouse
a thousand faithful kisses.

Überhüllet von Laub girret
ein Taubenpaar
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber
ich wende mich,
Suche dunklere
Schatten,
Und die einsame Träne rinnt.

Shrouded by foliage, a pair
of doves
coo their delight
to me;
but I turn away seeking darker
shadows,
and a lonely tear flows.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild, welches
wie Morgenrot
Durch die Seele mir strahlt, find
ich auf Erden dich?
Und die einsame
Träne
Bebt mir heißer die Wang herab!

When, O smiling image that
like dawn
shines through my soul, shall
I find you on earth?
and the lonely tear flows
trembling,
burning, down my cheek.

Von ewiger Liebe (*Hoffmann von Fallersleben*), Op. 43/1

Of eternal love

Dunkel, wie dunkel in Wald
und in Feld!
Abend schon ist es, nun
schweiget die Welt.
Nirgend noch Liecht und
nirgend noch Rauch.
Ja, und die Lerche, sie schweiget
nun auch.

Dark, how dark in wood and
field!
It is already evening, now the
world is silent.
Nowhere a light remains,
nowhere a puff of smoke,
yes, and the lark too is now
silent.

Kommt aus dem Dorfe der
Bursche heraus,
Gibt das Geleit der Geliebten
nach Haus,
Führt sie am Weidengebüsche
vorbei,
Redet so viel und so
mancherlei:

Out of the village comes
a boy,
walking his sweetheart
home,
he leads her past the willow
copse,
talking so much and of
many things:

"Leidest du Schmach und
betrübest du dich,
Leidest du Schmach von andern
um mich,
Werde die Liebe getrennt so
geschwind,
Schnell wie wir früher
vereinigt sind,
Scheide mit Regen und
scheide mit Wind,
Schnell wie wir früher
vereinigt sind."

"If you suffer insult and are
troubled
by others for my
sake,
then let our love be
sundered
as swiftly as once we
were plighted,
depart with rain and
wind,
depart as swiftly as once
we were plighted."

Spricht das Mägdelein,
Mägdelein spricht:
"Unsere Liebe, sie trennet
sich nicht!
Fest is der Stahl und das
Eisen gar sehr,
Unsere Liebe is fester
noch mehr.

Says the maiden,
the maiden says:
"Our love cannot be
sundered!
Steel is strong and
iron too;
even stronger is
our love.

Eisen und Stahl, man
schmiedet sie um,
Unsere Liebe, wer wandelt
sie um?
Eisen und Stahl, sie können
zergehen,
Unsere Liebe muß
ewig bestehn!"

Iron and steel may be
forged anew —
our love, who shall
change it?
Iron and steel, they
may melt —
our love must endure
forever!"



Meine Liebe ist grün (*Felix Schumann*) Op. 63/5

Meine Liebe ist grün wie
 der Fliederbusch,
 Und mein Lieb ist schön wie
 die Sonne;
 Die glänzt wohl herab auf den
 Fliederbusch
 Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit
 Wonne.

My love is green as
 the lilac,
 and my love is fair as
 the sun;
 the sun gleams down
 on the lilac
 and fills it with scent
 and joy.

Meine Liebe hat Schwingen der
 Nachtigall.
 Und wiegt sich in blühendem
 Flieder,
 Und jauchzet und singet vom
 Duft berauscht
 Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

My love has nightingale's
 wings
 and sways in blossoming
 lilac.
 exults and, scent-enraptured,
 sings
 many a love-drunk song.



Five songs

Reynaldo Hahn (1875-1947)

Dismissed by critics in the decades after his death as mere triviality, hopelessly dated within its period, Hahn's œuvre has gradually gained a position of prominence in the concert world greater than at any time since the 1890s. This applies particularly to his songs, which had gained him immense celebrity when he was still in his teens. Of tonight's group, the earliest is *L'Enamourée* of 1892, written for Massenet's favourite soprano, Sybil Sanderson. The last of them to be composed, *Dans la nuit*, comes from the early 1920s, the decade which saw Hahn's greatest commercial successes, the operettas *Ciboulette* and *Mozart*. This is certainly not a light song, but it does have a broader, more operatic sweep. We open and close with two songs which employ the composer's favourite pastiche style from the 16th or 17th centuries.

À Chloris (*Théophile de Viau*)

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu
m'aimes,
Mais j'entends, que tu
m'aimes bien,
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes
Aient un bonheur pareil
au mien.
Que la mort serait importune
De venir changer ma fortune
A la félicité des cieux!
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie
Ne touche point ma fantaisie
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

To Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that you
love me,
and I understand that you do
love me well,
I do not believe that even kings
could know such happiness as
mine.
How unwelcome death would be,
if it came to exchange my fortune
with the joy of heaven!
All that they say of ambrosia
does not fire my imagination
like the favour of your eyes.

L'Enamourée (*Théodore de Banville*)

Ils se disent, ma colombe,
Que tu rêves, morte
encore,
Sous la pierre d'une tombe:
Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore
Tu t'éveilles ranimée,
O pensive bien-aimée!

Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,
Dans la brise qui murmure,
Je caresse tes longs voiles,
Ta mouvante chevelure,

The beloved

They say, my dove,
that you are still dead and
dreaming
beneath a tombstone;
but you awaken, revived,
for the soul that adores you,
oh pensive beloved!

Through the sleepless nights,
in the murmuring breeze,
I caress your long veils,
your swaying hair



Et tes ailes demi-closes
Qui voltigent sur les roses.

O délices! je respire
Tes divines tresses blondes;
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,
Suit la vague sur les ondes,
Et, suave, les effleure,
Comme un cygne qui se pleure!

Dans la nuit (*Jean Moréas*)

Quand je viendrai m'asseoir dans
le vent, dans la nuit,
Au bout du rocher solitaire,
Quand je n'entendrai plus, en
t'écoutant, le bruit
Que fait mon cœur sur cette terre,
Ne te contente pas, Océan, de jeter
Sur mon visage un peu d'écume!
D'un coup de lame alors il te faut
m'emporter
Pour dormir dans ton amertume!

Le Rossignol des lilas (*Léopold Dauphin*)



O premier rossignol qui viens
Dans les lilas, sous ma
fenêtre,
Ta voix m'est douce à reconnaître!
Nul accent n'est semblable au tien!

Fidèle aux amoureux liens,
Trille encor, divin petit être!
O premier rossignol qui viens
Dans les lilas, sous ma
fenêtre!

Nocturne ou matinal, combien
Ton hymne à l'amour me pénètre!
Tant d'ardeur fait en moi renaître
L'écho de mes avrils anciens,
O premier rossignol qui viens!

and your half-closed wings
which flutter among the roses.

Oh delights! I breathe
your divine blond tresses!
Your pure voice, a kind of lyre,
moves on the swell of the waters
and touches them gently, suavely,
like a lamenting swan!

In the Night

When I come to sit, in the wind,
in the night,
at the tip of an isolated rock,
when I no longer hear, listening
to you, the sound
my heart makes here on land,
do not content yourself, Ocean, with
throwing a little spray in my face!
One breaking wave would suffice
to carry me away
to sleep in your bitterness!

The nightingale among the lilac

O first nightingale to appear
among the lilac beneath my
window,
how sweet to recognise your voice!
there is no song like yours!

Faithful to the bonds of love,
trill away, divine little being!
O first nightingale to appear
among the lilac beneath my
window!

Night or morning, O how
your love-song strikes to my heart!
Such ardour re-awakens in me
echoes of April days long past,
O first nightingale to appear!

Quand je fus pris au pavillon (*Charles Duc d'Orléans*)

Quand je fus pris au
pavillon
De ma dame, très gente
et belle,
Je me brûlai à la
chandelle
Ainsi que fait le papillon.

Je rougis comme vermillon,
A la clarté d'une étincelle,
Quand je fus pris au
pavillon.

Si j'eusse été esmerillon
Ou que j'eusse eu aussi bonne aile,
Je me fusse gardé de celle
Qui me bailla de l'aiguillon
Quand je fus pris au
pavillon.

When in her pavilion I lost
my heart
to my most beautiful and
noble lady,
I burnt myself in the candle's
flame,
as the moth does.

I flushed vermillion
in the brightness of a spark,
when in her pavilion I lost
my heart.

If I had been a merlin
or had wings as strong,
I should have shielded myself
from her who stung me,
when in her pavilion I lost
my heart.



Les Bohémiennes: Duo d'après les Danses hongroises de Johannes Brahms (*Victor Wilder*) arr. Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

One of the greatest, and certainly the longest-lived, singer of the 19th century French stage was Pauline Viardot, née García. The daughter of Rossini's original Almaviva in *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, she was a friend at various times of Clara Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, Berlioz, Gounod, Wagner, Henry James, Massenet, Fauré and Hahn. During the Second Empire of Napoleon II, she and her husband chose to live outside France, in Baden-Baden. It was here that she met Brahms, who composed for her his *Alto Rhapsody*. She returned the compliment with witty vocal arrangements of his well-known Hungarian Dances, a transformation she had already wrought for Chopin's Mazurkas and with a similarly delighted response from the original composer.



Ah! Plus vagabondes que les
chèvres,
Et le refrain joyeux aux
lèvres,
Du fond de la Bohème nous
venons
Jetant au vent l'écho de nos
chansons.

Vives et prestes,
Souples et lestes,
Tendant le pied, cambrant les
hanches,
Sur la bruyère,
Dans la poussière,
Nous dansons à l'ombre des
branches,
Nous dansons au son du
tambourin!

Ai-je faim? J'allonge
la main,
Pour cueillir les fruits du chemin:
Ai-je soif, j'ai pour
resource
L'onde fraîche de la source;
Et le soir, dans les roseaux,
Je fais mon nid ainsi que les
oiseaux.

Je sais lire dans les cieux,
Dans la flamme de l'étoile,
Dans les astres, à mes yeux,
L'avenir se dévoile.

Jeunes belles et jeunes gens,
Voulez-vous savoir qui vous aime,
Apportez vos écus sonnants
Chez la fille de la Bohème.

The Gypsies

Ah! More wilful than
goats,
and with a merry refrain on our
lips,
we come from furthest
Bohemia,
the wind catching the echo of our
songs.

Lively and agile,
supple and quick,
lifting the foot, curving the
hips,
over the heather,
through the dust,
we dance in the shadow of the
branches,
we dance to the sound of the
tambourine!

Am I hungry? I stretch out my
hand
and pluck the wayside fruits:
if I am thirsty, I have for
refreshment
fresh spring-water;
and at nightfall, among the reeds,
I make my nest just like a
bird.

I know how to read in the heavens,
in the atarlight,
in the planets, through my eyes
the future reveals itself.

Young beauties and young men,
if you would know who loves you,
bring your clinking money
to the gypsy's dwelling.



INTERMISSION

Last January marked the 85th birthday of Oskar Morawetz. A professor at the University of Toronto until his retirement in 1982, his pupils included Bruce Mather, Edward Laufer and Larysa Kuzmenko. Vocal music has formed a very important part of his composing output, ranging from settings of William Blake in the 1940s, soon after his arrival in Canada from Europe, to *The Weaver* of 1985. The latter work sets poetry by the Canadian, Archibald Lampman; but, by and large, Morawetz's songs employ English poetry from the nineteenth century, as exemplified by these two cycles.

Sonnets from the Portuguese (*Elizabeth Barret Browning*)

Oskar Morawetz (b. 1917)

These songs were commissioned in 1955 by the American soprano, Dorothy Maynor, who performed much of Morawetz's music throughout North America. The poems, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, have no Portuguese connection, other than the fact that Robert Browning called his wife "my little Portuguese" and these poems "the finest sonnets since Shakespeare."

1.

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!
 Unlike our uses and our destinies.
 Our ministering two angels look surprise
 On one another, as they strike athwart
 Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art
 A guest for queens to social pageantries,
 With gages from a hundred brighter eyes
 Than tears ever can make mine, to play thy part
 Of chief musician. What hast thou to do
 With looking from the lattice-lights at me,
 A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through
 The dark and leaning up a cypress tree?
 The chrism is on thine head, - on mine, the dew, -
 And Death must dig the level where these agree.

2.

Thou hast thy calling to some palace-floor,
 Most gracious singer of high poems! where
 The dancers will break footing, from the care
 Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more.
 And dost thou lift this house's latch too poor
 For hand of thine? and canst thou think and bear
 To let thy music drop here unaware
 In folds of golden fullness at my door?

Look up and see the casement broken in,
 The bats and owlets builders in the roof!
 My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.
 Hush, call no echo up in further proof
 Of desolation! there's a voice within
 That weeps... as thou must sing... alone, aloof.

3.

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
 Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
 Alone upon the threshold of my door
 Of individual life, I shall command
 The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
 Serenely in the sunshine as before,
 Without the sense of that which I forbore...
 Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
 Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
 With pulses that beat double. What I do
 And what I dream include thee, as the wine
 Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
 God for myself, He bears that name of thine,
 And sees within my eyes, the tears of two.

4.

The face of all the world is changed, I think,
 Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
 Move still, oh still, beside me, as they stole
 Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
 Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,
 Was caught up into love, and taught the whole
 Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole
 God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink
 And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with thee anear.
 The names of country, heaven, are changed away
 For where thou art or shalt be, there or here;
 And this... this lute and song ... loved yesterday,
 (The singing angels know) are only dear,
 Because thy name moves right in what they say.

Souvenirs from Childhood (*Robert Louis Stevenson*)

Morawetz

R. L. Stevenson's poems come from *A Child's Garden of Verse* and include, in *Foreign Children*, a very Eurocentric view of the world, tailored no doubt to its prospective public — Stevenson himself spent long periods of time in the western United States and, finally, Samoa, where he would have eaten many "curious things"! Morawetz's cycle was commissioned and first performed by mezzo-soprano Catherine Robbin at the Women's Musical Club of Toronto in 1985.

1. From a railway carriage

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
 Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
 And charging alone like troops in a battle,
 All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
 All of the sights of the hill and the plain
 Fly as thick as driving rain;
 And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
 Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
 All by himself and gathering brambles;
 Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
 And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
 Here is a cart run away in the road
 Lumping along with man and load;
 And here is a mill and there is a river;
 Each a glimpse and gone for ever.

2. The Swing

How do you like to go up in a swing,
 Up in the air so blue?
 Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
 Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
 Till I can see so wide,
 Rivers and trees and cattle and all
 Over the countryside —

Till I look down on the garden green,
 Down on the roof so brown —
 Up in the air I go flying again,
 Up in the air and down!

3. Escape at bedtime

The light from the parlour and kitchen shone out
 Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
 And high overhead and all moving about,
 There were thousands of millions of stars.
 There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
 Nor of people in church or the Park,
 As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
 And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
 And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
 These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
 Would be half full of water and stars.
 They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
 And they soon had me packed into bed;
 But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
 And the stars going round in my head.

4. Foreign children

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
 Little frosty Eskimo,
 Little Turk or Japanese,
 O! don't you wish that you were me?

You have seen the scarlet trees
 And the lions over seas;
 You have eaten ostrich eggs,
 And turned the turtles off their legs.

Such a life is very fine,
 But it's not so nice as mine:
 You must often, as you trod,
 Have wearied not to be abroad.

You have curious things to eat,
 I am fed on proper meat;
 You must dwell beyond the foam,
 But I am safe and live at home.

Little Indian, Sioux or Crow,
 Little frosty Eskimo,
 Little Turk or Japanese,
 O! don't you wish that you were me?

Two Ballads

Benjamin Britten (1913-76)

Britten's title implies a great deal, evoking an image of evenings at home around the piano — indeed, he referred to his setting of Auden's text as "very light & Victorian in mood." However, there must be a strong autobiographical element in these duets. Auden, according to Donald Mitchell, was writing "for — and about — Britten . . . quite specifically critical of his reluctance or inability to enter into that 'satisfaction' which only physical consummation can bring." If that is so, Britten seems to have accepted the reproach, at least intellectually. *Mother Comfort* (by the librettist of *Peter Grimes*) is a schizophrenic dialogue between two halves of a personality eaten up by indecision; the quandary is resolved by the positiveness of *Underneath the abject willow*, in which the two voices are of one mind. The Ballads were composed for Sophie Wyss (who premiered Britten's cycle *On this Island*) and her sister, Colette, in 1936.

Mother Comfort (*Montagu Slater*)

Dear, shall we talk or will that cloud the sky?
Will you be Mother Comfort or shall I?
If I should love him where would our lives be?
And if you turn him out at last then friendship pity me!

My longing, like my heart, beats to and fro,
Oh that a single life could be both Yes and No,
Ashamed to grant and frightened to refuse —
Pity has chosen: Power has still to choose.

But darling, when that stretched-out will is tired
Surely your timid prettiness longs to be overpower'd?
Sure gossips have this sweet facility
To tell transparent lies and, without pain, to cry.

Underneath the abject willow (*W.H. Auden*)

Underneath the abject willow,
 Lover sulk no more;
Act from thought should quickly follow;
 What is thinking for?
Your unique and moping station
 Proves you cold;
 Stand up and fold
Your map of desolation.
Bells that toll across the meadows
 From the sombre spire,
Toll for those unloving shadows
 Love does not require.
All that lives may love; why longer
 Bow to loss
 With arms across?
Strike and you shall conquer.
Geese in flocks above you flying
 Their direction know;
Brooks beneath the thin ice flowing
 To their oceans go;
Coldest love will warm to action,
 Walk then come,
 No longer numb,
Into your satisfaction.

About The Aldeburgh Connection

Hugo Wolf, one of the greatest of *Lieder* composers, who set to song the great German romantic poets, died on February 22, 1903. We will acknowledge the centenary of this date with a special concert entitled *Hugo Wolf and his Poets*, on Saturday afternoon, February 22, 2003 in Walter Hall, University of Toronto. The concert will begin at 2 pm, with an hour-long pre-concert talk at noon on the three great poets whose works form the central part of Wolf's song output: Goethe, Mörike and Eichendorff. Young artists from the Faculty of Music and alumni will be joined by guest artist **Catherine Robbin** in this presentation of Wolf's music. For tickets call 416 978-3744.

More of the songs of Hugo Wolf can be heard in concerts in our two Subscription Series. On January 26, we perform *Anacreon's Rest* as part of the Walter Hall Sunday Series. This programme explores Hugo Wolf's life and songs, with readings from his letters and music criticism. Singers are soprano **Gillian Keith**, tenor **Colin Ainsworth**, baritone **Mark Pedrotti**, with **Diego Matamoros**, reader. This concert is sold out. Other concerts in this series are on March 16, *Upstairs, Downstairs*; and on April 27, *Catherine Robbin and friends* — a musical farewell to a distinguished Canadian singer who has been with us since our first concert twenty years ago. These concerts are at 2:30 pm in Walter Hall and tickets are in very limited supply. Please call the box office at (416) 444-3976 in the week before the concert to check on availability.

Our Wolf concert in the Recital Series at the Glenn Gould Studio will take place on March 25, with a performance of Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch*, sung by soprano **Monica Whicher** and baritone **Russell Braun**. And our popular *Greta Kraus Schubertiad* returns on May 7, with four exciting young singers, soprano **Shannon Mercer**, mezzo **Krisztina Szabó**, tenor **Colin Ainsworth** and baritone **Alexander Dobson**. Our usual party with delicious Viennese refreshments will take place at intermission. For tickets, please call the Glenn Gould Studio Box Office at 416 205-5555.

Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Joni Henson has recently received her honours degree in Voice Performance from the University of Toronto and is currently in the Opera Diploma programme at the University of Toronto's Faculty of Music, where she sang the title role in their recent production of Handel's *Alcina*. Ms. Henson has made solo appearances with the Sault Symphony, Sault Chamber Choir, Mississauga Festival Choir, University of Toronto Symphony and the University of Toronto Choirs and has been a soloist

for Handel's *Messiah* and Vivaldi's *Gloria*. She has performed a Young Artist Recital as part of the Algoma Shingwauk Chamber Music Series along with recitals in PEI and Toronto. Future engagements include recitals in Charlottetown, Belleville and Sault Ste. Marie. She is currently studying under the direction of Mary Morrison.

Melinda Delorme is a 2002 Bachelor of Music in Vocal Performance graduate from the University of Toronto. Currently in her first year of the Opera Diploma programme, she studies with Professor Lorna MacDonald. She has also worked with Patrick Raftery and Russell Braun. Melinda has sung in master classes given by Kimberly Barber, Martin Isepp, Ben Heppner and Marilyn Horne. She recently performed the role of Ruggiero in the Opera Division's production of Handel's *Alcina*. Other performance credits include appearances as the alto soloist in Vivaldi's *Gloria* and Handel's *Messiah*, as well as Cherubino in Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*. She has also sung with Opera in Concert. Melinda is a native of Port Perry, Ontario.

Stephen Ralls began his musical career in England, following studies at Merton College, Oxford, and at the Royal Academy of Music in London. He was soon involved in frequent recitals throughout England and in regular broadcasts for the BBC. While with the English Opera Group he was selected as chief répétiteur for Britten's last opera, *Death in Venice*, and played the important solo piano part in the first performances and on the Decca recording. This led to recital appearances with Sir Peters Pears at the Aldeburgh Festival and on the BBC, and to Mr Ralls' appointment to the staff of the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh.

His reputation extended to Canada following his appointment in 1978 to the staff of the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, where he is now Musical Director in the Opera Division. He has accompanied Canada's finest singers in numerous concerts, festivals and broadcasts, and with pianist Bruce Ubukata, he is founder and co-artistic director of The Aldeburgh Connection, the highly successful Toronto-based presenter of concerts for voice and piano. He has also worked with the Canadian Opera Company, the Banff Centre and the National Arts Centre. His recordings include *L'Invitation au voyage*, songs of Henri Duparc, with Catherine Robbin and Gerald Finley, *Songs of Oskar Morawetz*, *The Lyrical Art of Mark Pedrotti*, *The Aldeburgh Connection: Schumann, Brahms and Greer* and *Benjamin Britten: The Canticles*. His recording *Songs of Travel*, with Gerald Finley, won a 1998 JUNO.

In addition to the Aldeburgh Connection, TD's Community Giving Program supports TD Canada Trust Scholarships for Outstanding Community Leadership, TD Friends of the Environment Foundation, TD Canadian Children's Book Week and the Children's Miracle Network, as well as a host of local, regional and national charitable programs across Canada.



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